

A Tapestry Scorned

My Dying Bride

'Twas a frosted morn in winter deep
When Rosey left for wood
The fire was low just barely a glow
When Rosey left for wood

Upon the wall a tapestry hung
A farmyard, brook and lane
A pleasant scene, Naïve theme
With wheat and hay and grain

No figures old or young
The artist did include
But now upon that landscape fair
A woman rough and crude

Each day the image differed
The woman here and there
Then close like a portrait
It was Rosey standing there

I met a maid one summers day
I thought to make my wife
On getting home, the picture red
'Twas Rosey with a knife!

My new love I took to see
The rocks above the lake
And to my sin I pushed her in
The smile on Rosey's face
Days did pass and I grew old
But Rosey looked the same
My bones were stiff, and hair was grey
But Rosey looked the same

Upon the bed and almost dead
She looked down on me
From the tapestry threads her hand did reach
My spirit now set free

After a time my friends did come
And were sorry to see me pale
The priest said what he thought was right
And they carried me away

My home was cleared, history sold
Empty was my place
'Cept a picture on the wall
Of lovers in embrace